

Orel May Carlile Kuhni.

The little town of Charleston, Wasatch County, Utah. had one of its heaviest snows of the winter on May 8, 1905 . I do not remember it but Father does, for he rode four miles in a heavy storm to get the nurse. On this day I was born to James William Carlile and Sarah Elizabeth Buys Carlile. There were three sisters and two brothers awaiting my arrival. Father made and owned the home in which I was born. It had two rooms down stairs and two up. It stood on the east side of the main street. Father and mother had moved from our home in Heber to operate a creamery in Charleston. Father was a barber and on Saturdays and evenings he was kept busy , haveing the only shop in town.

When I was two years old the family moved back to our home in Heber, where father farmed on land of his own. He also managed a threshing machine which worked all over the valley.

On August 29, 1909 Aunt Sarah Carlile walked quietly from mamas bed room holding a tiny bunddle in her arms. She sat down in the rocking chair near the coal stove and called me to her side. She opened the soft pink blanket and I looked down at my mew baby sister. I was just past four but the incident remaines vivid in my mind as one of the first things I remember. They named her Gladys Jane, she completed our family of seven. Lecil Emily, Sarah Viva, Clara, James Edward, William Walter, Orel May and Gladys Jane.

I started school in Sept. of 1911 at the old red sandstone Central School. This building has since <sup>in 1923</sup> ~~burned down~~ and replaced by the new red brick one on south main street.

I have one little memory of my first few days of school. Shortly after school would start I would get honesick and start to cry. I guess the teacher knew this would not last long for she would let me cross the hall to my brother Eddies room. Then his teacher let him bring me home. We used to stop and listen to old lake creek bubble its way into the culvert under the old mercantile store. He was always happy for any excuse to leave school. I remember all my teachers well. 1st grade was a Mrs. Loagy who lived across the street north of the school, in a little log house. 2nd Annie McMullin (Rasband) who has always been a dear friend. we have worked in many organizations together. 3rd Laura Clyde (Newton). 4th Pearl Walker (Emory). Whom I shall never forget. On holidays she always wore a dark green dress trimmed with velvet. The buttons were very tiny and close together, up the front and sleeves. She always reminded me of the ladies in the fashion books.

My fifth grade teacher was Owen Buell. He was always always so neat, but very strict. Sixth\*-Arther Bjorkman, a teacher I really liked. We went over to the Jr High for the seventh and eight grades. *Fayette Stevens Prune.*

Mr. Nephi Forman performed the cerimony.

beginners class of this organization.

Fall was a happy time around the farm. We always looked forward to the day the horse power thresher would pull through the back gate, set up along side the two large stacks of grain.

One day while the machine was sitting idle . The kids in the neighbor hood decided to play threshing . Of course brother Walter had to be driver. He was up on the horse power. The rest of us some how got the machine moving around All of a sudden Walt gave out a yell. He had got his little toe caught in the cogs of the machine. When Mother took of his shoe his little toe came with it. We never played threshing again. -

Father was co  
the nation

Father was co\_owner in the Giles-Carlile machine. I remember him, standing high upon the platform feeding the bundles of grain into the chopper. or driving the eight team of horses that powered it. It took 14 to 16 men to operate . Father used to let us kids take our shoes and stockings off and play in the wheat bins while the men went to the house for the traditional chicken or turkey dinner. ✓ It was truly a day to remember. Then a few days later mother would fill the bed ticks (a form of mattress) with fresh new straw. Recalling these days inspired these words;

There's a few fond memoryies of childhood  
That return to me once in a while  
Some of them bring back a tear  
And some of them a smile.

Like the times in late september  
When the threshing was all done  
We'd fill the ticks with fresh new straw  
It used to be such fun.

We would climb up on the straw stack  
Then look at each other and laugh  
'cause each of us was itchin'  
With our hair all full of chaf.

And then with lots of help from Mom  
We'd tug them up the stairs.  
We knew that when our bed time came  
We'd climb into them on chairs.

I remember how you'd sink way down  
When you climbed in bed that night  
And how Mamas cheek felt cool and soft  
Just before she turned off the light.

Then we'd lay there quiet and whisper  
Of the fun we'd had at play  
Till Old Lake Creek lulled us to sleep  
To dream of another day.

When Brother Walter out grew his job as paper boy, Gladys and I took the job. We met the train each evening at 8.P.M. We would then deliver two large bundles of Deseret News up to Add Averetts confectionary. ( Vanjos now). Sometimes Frank Carlile would let us ride the "Hack" if he was short of passengers. The train always stayed over in Heber and returned to Provo the following morning. The job paid 2.50 a week. we were always happy when pay day came.

I have nothing but happy memories of my childhood. Mother was a kind, quiet woman. with dark well dressed hair and a good figure. She was a very patient mother and born homemaker. Father was a nice looking man, soft voiced, kind, a good provider. Even though wages were small and our family large. I never remember a holiday that we did not have new clothes for the occasion. Mother was a beautiful dressmaker . We always had pretty dresses.

I was baptized May. 31st, 1913 in the old tithing office on main street. ( where Ashton Service Station now stands). It was a two story rock building. Mr. Nephi Forman performed the ceremony.

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~~There is a few fond memories of childhood~~

5. We used to have such heavy snows in winter. At times one could hardly see the tops of the fences. We always looked forward to our annual trip to the grist mill in the bobsleigh. The bells that encircled the horses rang out loud and clear in the crisp frosty air. The runners on the sleigh hardly made a sound as they glided over the smooth icy road. Always the miller Johnson made us feel welcome as he hurried us in his warm tiny office while the wheat was being ground into fine white flour. His hair and eyebrows always covered with white dust from the roller mills.

(C) Christmas, A never to be forgotten occasion. *in the winter season.*

#### An Old Fashioned Christmas.

I remember an old fashioned christmas.  
In the corner an old fashioned tree.  
Trimmed with tinsel and popcorn  
And presents for you and me.

We'd start calling in early morning  
While it was still dark as jet.  
"Can we get up now Papa?. He'd answer  
"I'll see if he's been here yet.

Then We'd hear him make the fire  
As he hummed a little tune,  
And whisper low to Mama  
"Be warm as toast here soon.

Then they'd callus from the hallway  
And we'd scramble from our beds.  
And line up on the stairway  
All with tousled heads.  
We'd  
We'd hurry to our stockings  
All hanging in a row  
Find little presents tucked inside  
And the big ones down below.

There were luscious ducks for breakfast  
And golden johnnie cake.  
And crispy curled up doughnuts  
That Mom would always make.

Then with the gifts for everyone,  
Went kisses and hugs galore.  
Oh, such a happy christmas day  
Could we have asked for more.

How I love the sacred memory  
Of that dear old fashioned home  
And those dear oldfashioned parents,  
Who are our very own.  
Orel Kuhni.

*On paper*

Our happy home was saddened on May 9, 1916. when father was made an invalid while loading a ton & a half rock at the Heber Depot. They had the rock almost on the wagon when the derrick broke letting the weight balance back, crushing father between it and some rocks behind him. I was only 11 years old at the time, but this tragedy remains vivid in my mind. Dr. W. R. Wheritt was called then later in the day Dr. Ray Hatch came. Both agreed that it would be impossible for him to recover. I was born in the Church Of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and prayer had been a part of our lives. It was only through faith, and the answer to prayer that he lived. *read*

~~I started to teach primary in 2nd ward in 1920. Began my class~~  
I stopped school at the end of my sophomore year and went to work for different people

doing house work. Three months at the home of A. C. Moulton when Addie was born.

Four months with Dr. Clayton Montgomery's family when Jay was born. Worked part time at the J. C. Penny store. Ray Duke manager. In the spring of 1924 I secured steady employment at the Telephone office under the management of E. J. Sullivan.

✓ One day an airplane came to Heber and alighted in a field about one mile north of town. Airplanes were something rare in the valley, and almost everyone walked out to see it. Two of my girl friends and I included. On the way back some boys from Midway gave us a ride home. One of the boys later became my husband. } *Top*

Mar. 1923 mother was taken to the Aird Hospital in Provo where she underwent a very serious operation. Sister Viva and her husband Elliott came home to look after father and keep house. After 21 days she was moved to the home of father's sister Sarah Ann Daybell, who was at that time living in Provo.

*Q. A. M.* I married Fred Kuhni, son of Ulrich and Louisa B. Mosemann Kuhni. June 17, 1925 in the Salt Lake Temple. The ceremony was performed by Elder George F. Richards. We stayed one week in Salt Lake at the Wilson Hotel. The night we arrived home, mother had all the family gathered to meet us.

Fred had, for three years been working at the Park Utah Mine, <sup>5.50 a day.</sup> as an electrician. We lived with my folks until the 3rd of July, when we moved ~~to~~ <sup>for</sup> our selves in the home of John Pyper. Fred taught me to drive the car so during the summer, father and I <sup>Rent 10.00 mo.</sup> enjoyed most of the ball games. He was a great lover of baseball. One of the boys had to carry him too and from the car as the accident had left him paralyzed from the waist down.

July 13, 1926. we rented one of the Turner Apts. on main street. (where the Flying V now stands). This move meant leaving the second ward, <sup>Rent - 15.00 mo.</sup> where I was still teaching in primary. So I accepted the same class in the first ward. We lived here two years, and moved back again to our own ward into the home of Thos. Howarth. It was while living here that <sup>10.00 mo - Rent.</sup> our little daughter was born July 10, 1929 at the Heber Hospital. Dr. T. A. Dannenburg was my physician. Baby was born at 5:25 A. M. and weighed 5lb, 9oz. (Breech) My sister Viva was with us. She was christened on Aug. 4, 1929 by Pres. H. Clay Cummings. When she was 2 mos. old, Mr. Howarth married and needed his home so we moved in with my folks. I was at this time working in the primary, with Annie Rasband as Supt. I acted as recreational geneology leader in the Robert Carlile geneology society in 1930- 31 And again in 1935. During the summer of '31 I taught the kindergarten class of the Sunday School, Kenneth S. Carlile Supt. I joined the Stake Singing Mothers Chorus, where we sang for the first time in the Relief Society Stake Convention Aug. 27 1931. Mama was always willing and anxious to keep any of the children, and for this reason I was able to be active in the different organizations.

In Feb. 1934 I was asked to take part in the M. I. A. drama "Where's Grandma" presented by the Heber Second Ward. My brother Walter and myself taking the part of husband and wife. Our directors were Annie and Sylvan Rasband. I had never taken part in a play before, but Walter had several times. He assisted me in many ways and together we had lots of fun during rehearsals.

In June 1934 I went with the M. I. A. jubilee chorus to Salt Lake. Each Stake sent 60 singers and all were under the direction of Noble Cain of Chicago. After three days practice he gave a concert in the Tabernacle. It was one of the things in my life that I shall never forget.

I was still working in the ward primary when I was appointed Secretary of Wasatch Stake Primary Sept. 15, 1934. With Annie J. Smith Supt. Annie Rasband 1st Asst. Ruby Cummings 2nd Asst.

On Oct. 18 1934 it rained most of the day, mama and I rode over to Midway, on the way back I mentioned to her what a depressed feeling I had had all morning, she said it was probably the rain. We had been back home about an hour when Mr. Andrew Murdock brought word that Fred had been badly burned with electricity. Mr Murdock had been Freds employer at the show for many years, he proved more of a father to us in numerous ways

*Edna Thwait*

during the next trying months.. We did not know how badly Fred had been burned until we arrived at the Park City Hospital, where he had been taken. Sister Viva went with us. She has always been a source of comfort to me when ever I needed her.

Fred had been stretching a signal line from the Park Utah mine to the Old Hawkeye Mine in company with Alma Wootton, Dave Thompson and Jack Simpson, when the wire they were stretching came in direct contact with the 11,000 volt line. The heavy current thru him free of the wire, after the burn, and had it not been for Dave who was near him at the time, he never would have lived, he was on his back and his breath was gone. Dave immediately administered artificial respiration which started him to breath again. He never regained consciousness until he was transferred from the wagon to the ambulance that was waiting at the head of Park City main street. The current went into his left wrist and out of the right shoulder and right side of the head. He was thrown into an iron fence, causing a two inch fracture of the skull. We remained for 12 days in Park Hospital, but on the 28 of Oct. through the insistance of Mr. Murdock, he was moved to the Holy Cross and placed in the care of Dr. Ralph Penndelton. A specialist on deep burns.

We had not known the seriousness of the burns until then, when all the hardened burned flesh was removed and the deep burnes were opened. Infection had set in and amputation of the arm was advised by most of the staff. But thru the power of prayer and the skillful attendance of Dr. Penndelton the arm was saved.


The arm burn was six inches from base of thumb up the arm, all the tennens were gone from the wrist and from that day he had no use of his fingers, they were left stiff and partly paralyzed. The burn on the shoulder was about 5 inches square and healed much quicker than the others. The one on the head was 4 inches long and 3 inches wide and mended slowly.

On the eve of Nov. 14, he seemed more restless than usual with a high tempiture. So when the Elders came I asked permission to have them administer to him. They gave him a wonderful blessing and in their prayer asked that his blood be cleared of all impurities and that he would soon regain his health. It was about one hour later that the first hemorrhage of the head accured. During the course of the night two others fallowed. The doctor advised immediate transfusions. Many of our friends from home had willingly offered, but after examination his brother Ernest's blood matched so perfectly that the following morning they made the transfussion. from that morning on his tempture dropped and he began to regain his health and strength. On Mar. 17, 1935 he was released from the hospital, making five even months there. During this time we had been remembered by many dear friends and had gained many new ones. My family had always been very dear to me, but were doubly so, during this time. Mother had kept Ve Nile most of the time but when we were in Salt Lake our time was spent with my three sisters who lived there.

The old saying "Its an ill wind that blows no good." seemed to be true in our case for in Nov. we built our own home with the money we received from the insurance Co.

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The lot cost \$200 dollars The home complete \$1800. (good old days?)

It is on third west on center street, just next door east to mother and father. All my life I have been of a homesick nature, never having lived farther than four blocks from home. On one occasion I said to father " You know, Dad I would be content to spend the rest of my life right on this corner." So even through sorrow one sometimes gets their hearts desire. 

We moved into our new home on Nov. 7 1935 after having lived with mother and father for seven years, all seven of those years packed with love, understanding and contentment. Volumes could be written on the worthwhileness of my parents lives. Their deep love for each other, affection for their children and devotion to their faith.

I was still working in the Primary Stake Board and had made it a point to come home to special meetings and conventions during the time we were away. Each member in her own sweet way had been thoughtful and kind during my trouble.

In Aug. 1941 the <sup>Primary Stake Board</sup> Board was reorganized, all seventeen members were released. Most of us went back into the wards to work. I accepted the position as guide leader in our ward. This was a challenge to me for I had always taught little ones, I loved the boys and the change. <sup>at this time I had spent 20 years in the P. B.</sup> I also worked that winter on the Ways and Means committee with Bro. Leonard Giles and Viola Kinsey to raise \$200.00 from our ward to put chairs, tables and etc. in the newly <sup>remodeled</sup> completed Amusement Hall. (a group)

On Nov. 30, 1941 my parents celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. The family met noon in our home where dinner was served, then open house was held at their home from 3 to 5 where approximately 300 guests called during the day. Father had been partially paralyzed since his accident in 1916 and was confined to a wheel chair, therefore this day meant so much to them. They relived it many times during the rest of their lives. That morning these few lines came to me so I wrote them as a tribute to my parents.

A tribute to my parents on their Golden Wedding Day.

It's been 50 years since you were wed  
A long, long time, someone has said.  
But it hasn't been so long to you  
For you weathered the storm and came out true blue.

The first of those years, you two were alone.  
Then three little girls came to share your home.  
You thought you were happy as you could be;  
But you needed two boys to complete it you see.

What if at night you were kept awake;  
What if small hands the dishes did break;  
That mattered not to such parents as you, Kindness and love, meant.  
Kindness and love, meant much more it is true.

What fun it was to raise these five.  
To see them share and love and thrive.  
Those must have been such happy years;  
With all their laughter, joy and tears.

You thought you'd completed a family tree  
But you didn't know about Gladys and me.  
I think we were looking down on your bliss,  
And coaxed to be sent to a home just like this.

Fate seemed to be kind and let us arrive  
And we were as welcome as the other five



And the days of our youth ,while we were at play  
Will live in our mrmory forever and a day.

For of all the parents to be sent to, it's true  
I'm greatful to my maker, that I was sent to you.  
We've had some happiness that's been like heaven  
Since We've had you and you've had seven.

Fatherwas feeling pretty good on his 80th Birthday, so Fred and I took him and  
Mother to Salt Lake where we enjoyed a family get to ggather that evening. It *at sister's house*  
pleased him so much when I composed these few lines for the occasion;

Happy birthday, Dear Old Dad.  
This makes 80 now you've had.  
And with every passing year  
You become a bit more dear.

Today, you're remembering days gone by.  
Oh, how the years have seemed to fly.  
Days of sadness, mixed with joy  
Since you were but a country boy.

Days, when with your dad you worked  
Never one to ever shirk.  
Other days when you've had fun  
With boyhood friends, from sun to sun.

Brisk winter nights, with chums you'd skate.  
Warm summer nights, when you had a date.  
Remembering days, when you were a man  
Like that day a ball team you helped plan.

And threshing the valleys golden grain,  
Covering stacks when it looked like rain.  
Thoughts of the hardships you have seen,  
And also the pleasures~~that~~ have been.

Fond thoughts of familyand loving wife .  
Things that add up to a worthwhile life.  
All these memories become more dear  
When you think of them each passing year.

We hope as a family, fond and true  
This day will have sweet memories for you.  
And when another year is done,  
We'll all get together when you're 81.

Father and Mother had made it a point to take a trip to Salt Lake each spring and  
fall to visit with each of the family who lived there. But in the spring of 1946  
Dad was not up to the trip , so the children came at different times to see him.  
He did not complain much, altho we all knew at times he was in pain. He grew steadily  
<sup>1</sup>  
worse and on the morning of July 18 he wanted all the family home .By 3:30 in the  
afternoon all had arrived , he talked to each, rationally and lovingly and by 5pm  
had lost consiousness. During the evening hours every one of the family had seen the  
power of prayer manifest<sup>*the Pres Cummings to Mother,*</sup> and each had a stronger testimony of the gospel. He passed  
away quietly at 3:05 A. M. July 19, 1946

During the five weeks that followed, mother visited with each one of us for a  
few days. But our joy at having her was shortlived, for on Sept. 3rd she took a heart  
spell and slipped quietly from us to join father,who far so many years, she had  
lovelingly and patiently cared for.

Today, as I stand at my west window and look over at the old home that dad built  
over fifty years ago for his bride, I marvel for it stands as a <sup>most</sup> monument to my  
wonderful parents.

wonderful parents.

It took many weeks before I could look out at the old home of mine without a surge of longing and loneliness. For all my life I had lived close and run in many times a day. Ve Nile missed her grandmother too, for they had become very close through the years.

The fallowing spring 1947 just after graduation from high school Ve Nile met Cloyd Gines, a young sailor who had just returned from the south pscific. They went together through the summer and on Oct. 15, 1947 they were married here at home by my Uncle Archie D, Buys. That evening we had a reception in Salt Lake at the home of my sister Mrs. Wm. C. Murri.( Lecil ).The greater part of the family were living in that area, making it more convenient for them to attend. After a short honeymoon to Arizona, they made their home in Heber where Cloyd was employed at the Heber Merc. When the Korean War broke out he was among the first to be called back into the service. VeNile made her home with us for the three years he was away. She worked at the County Court House as assistant county recorder for Wayne C. Whiting.

One evening Cloyd called from Washington to tell us he was being shipped overseas. To our surprise Fred told him we would leave the next morning. We were most of the night getting ready but we left at 5 A.M. The four of us spent 10 wonderful days in Seattle and Bremerton, before he sailed for Japan. *Sister Beile went with us as far as Walla Walla to see her Grandmother.*

Those unhappy days are far in the past. In 1952 they purchased a home in Keams, *and in built a new one in Granger.* We are the grandparents of three wonderful children, Alan C. , Susan, and Lane C, Gines.

I never learned how to sew, in fact I never read a pattern until the children came. Now I concider myself a pretty good seamstress making Susan dresses and the boys shirts.

In July 1960 our family was in charge of the annual reunion of the decendance of James and Sarah E. Buys Carlile. We held it at the Mt. Spaa resort . 72 members were there. It was the folks desire that the family remain close after their passing, so one day a year is set aside for a get-together, see the new babies and meet the new members who may have married into the family. *Then in 1975 - We still lived there*

*John* In Aug. 1960 I joined the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers, entering through the lineage of grandfather James Carlile, who came to Utah in 1852 with the Capt. Jolley Co. HE and his wife Emily Ann Giles were one of the first eight families to spend the winter of 1859 in Heber Valley. I compiled a short history of father and Mother to be entered in the book ' How Beautiful Upon The Mountain'. Published by the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers. Through the years of 1962-<sup>4</sup> I presented the lessons in our organixation. Reading the lives of these wonderful pioneers made me realize how verymuch we owe them for their steadfast faith, through privation, sickness & sorrow. *John*

On Sept. 2nd 1963 we were suddenly sorrowed by the death of the first member of the family, brother James Edward. He died at the L.D.S. Hospital following a brief illness. *John*

There had always been a closeness between Ed and I. We had lived over the fence from each other for many years and he was at home all the years Fred and I lived with

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the. After the folks passing he and I were the only ones left in Heber then, I was truly grieved at his passing. Many days following, I would sit on the back porch overlooking the old barn and corral and reminisce over our happy childhood together.

I started to work at the Heber Hospital in the fall of 1963, as an assistant cook to Thelma Mc Knight. She died in Nov. 1966 and Ethel Watson and I took over the kitchen. Dr. Jack Boggess and Ross Jensen were co-owners. This small hospital was on 1st W and 1st South street. The ground floor was made up of offices, lab. and kitchen. A small <sup>slow</sup> moving elevator took the meal carts to the upper floor. many times it would refuse to run and the trays would have to be carried one by one up the long flight of stairs. It was an 18 bed floor, and many times all beds were filled.

In the spring of 1969 the new Wasatch County Hospital was opened on 6th east corner. I was asked to work in the dietary department. It was a great change from the warm friendly little kitchen I had cooked in for six years, where the doctors came in and sat at the big round table and drank coffee, or the nurses slipped in and made toast or ate a cookie. But I soon became accustomed to the rigid rules of the new establishment. Once a week a State Dietician came up from Provo, made out all the menus and ordered all the supplies.

I was a Relief Society block teacher from 1962 through 1965 with sister Marie.

\* Lesson leader <sup>in the D.U.P.</sup> from 1962--64. County Secretary 1968-9

Secretary of the Fireside Camp 1973-4,

On Nov. 14, 1970 my Brother Walter passed away very suddenly. He had spent the winters in Salt Lake at the home of sister Lecil since the death of his wife Stella (Nov 17, 1967.) He arose early as was his custom, to read the paper. When Lecil got up about 20 min. later he was asleep in the rocking chair. It was a terrible shock to her and all of us, for he had apparently been in good health. His services were held in Salt Lake and burial in Ketchum Idaho.

After the passing of both brothers, my sisters and I decided we would take a little trip together once a year. (A heavy snow storm had hit Salt Lake the day of Walters funeral and none of us were able to make the long trip to Ketchum.) So the following June we went up to visit the little cemetery where <sup>Walter</sup> he and Stella are buried. In 1972 we spent three days in Jackson Hole Wyo. In 1973 we enjoyed Lava Warm Springs so much, we went back again in 1974. It was early Sept, the shores of beautiful Bear Lake, and mountain slopes of Logan Canyon were breath taking in their autumn colors. In sept. of 75 we decided we wanted to see what gambling was like so we went to the lovely new State Line Hotel at Wendover. Two of the girls had never been in a casino, so it really was something

different. We had fun though, At this time Lecil was 82, Viva 80, Clara 78, and myself 70. (believe it or not) we still had fun. While I am gone Fred enjoys a few days with Venile and her family in Granger

Following is a History of Fredrick Kukoni